

WRITING

Saturday Mornings: A Love Poem

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12, 826LA

TYPE

POETRY

GENRE

GRADE 9

Waking to the gentle call of “??,”

and the intruding scent of itan,

that fills my room.

The faint sound of mezmur

playing on the television.

I am reminded of how deeply I love my culture

This piece was originally published in 826LA’s *The
Light We Carry*.